

DROLLERIES OF DONEGAL.

A Series of Irish Folk Stories—By Seumas MacManus. MURROGHOO-MORE AND MURROGHOO-BEG.

Copyright, 1890, by S. R. McClure Co. Murroghoo-more and Murroghoo-beg were cousins and lived in the one town-land. Murroghoo-more was the biggest and strongest and always kept poor Murroghoo-beg at his command, and made him do what he liked. Murroghoo-more one day gave Murroghoo-beg a skillet and says to him, "Murroghoo-beg, go out in the wood and pluck the full of that skillet of raspberries. Murroghoo-beg took the skillet and went to the wood and filled it with raspberries, but on the way home again there some one showed and Murroghoo-beg had to go in under a bush till it would pass over. When he was in under the bush he began to take the skillet at raspberries he was carrying home to lacy Murroghoo-more. His teeth began to water, and poor Murroghoo-beg couldn't help tasting one raspberry just to see what they were like, and then another, and another, till at last he finished the skillet. Very well and good. When he came home, says Murroghoo-more, "Where's the raspberries I sent ye for?" "I had the full of the skillet, but I ate them," says Murroghoo-beg. "Well, then, the morning Murroghoo-more comes to Murroghoo-beg again, and gave him the skillet, and told him to go to the wood and pluck him a skillet of raspberries," and mind, says he, "that hunger doesn't take you on the way home the day or it will be worse for ye." Poor Murroghoo-beg promised that it would not, and he set out this day again and pulled the



ABOUT MIDNIGHT POOR MURROGHOO-BEG HEARS THE ROOLIE-BOOLIE AND IN COMES A WHOLE REGIMENT OF GENIES.

water out of the well here at the back of the church, to be taken nine mornings on the bare stomach, fasting. Murroghoo-beg heard all this, and he waited till the cats went all away, and in the morning he came out and, groping his way to the well, he took off his boots and filled one of them with water, and then started for the king's palace, and when he came there all that place was in a commotion with all the first doctors of the three kingdoms and France besides. And when the servants began to shove and push poor Murroghoo-beg come in, and he was asked what was wrong with him, and he said he had come to cure the king's daughter, and they asked him where was his medicine, and he said he had it in his boot, they commenced laughing at him, and the doctors ordered him to be turned out. And that if he ate the raspberries this time again he would surely have his life. But poor Murroghoo-beg ate a hearty breakfast and said there was no fear of the hunger taking him the day. So out he goes to the wood and fills his skillet again, and then whistling to carry it to you have it but the shower put Murroghoo-beg under the bush, and the hunger took him and he ate the skillet of raspberries again. Then he went home to Murroghoo-more, and says Murroghoo-more, "What's my skillet of raspberries I sent you to the wood to pluck for me?" "Och!" says Murroghoo-beg, says he, "the hunger took me and I ate them." "All right," says Murroghoo-more, "ye must do. I'll pluck out to yourself to choose how to do after." So he got a pointed stick, and setting it on fire, he put it into poor Murroghoo-beg's eyes and burned them out. "Now," says Murroghoo-more, "what am I to do with you?" "Well," says Murroghoo-beg, says he, "I suppose the easiest death will be to leave me over in that old church all night, for no one that stops a night there is ever alive in the morning." Very well and good, Murroghoo-



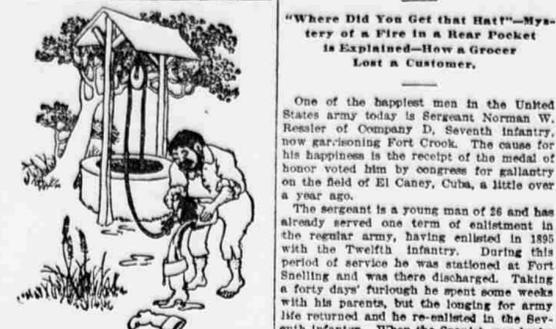
ON THE WAY HOME THERE CAME A SHOWER AND MURROGHOO-BEG COULDN'T RESIST EATING THE BERRIES.

more took poor Murroghoo-beg over to the old church and left him there. About midnight poor Murroghoo-beg hears the roolie-boolie and helters-skelter, in comes a whole regiment of cats. Murroghoo-beg got under some planks in the corner, so he wasn't seen, but could hear all the cats would say. After a lot of that they squared themselves round, and then they differed on which of them would tell the first story. Every one of them put it to an older one till at length it came to an old granny cat, and she consented to tell her story, but she said that if it wouldn't do for anyone to overhear what she had to say. Well and good, all the young cats went hurrying round the church, looking under the seats and everywhere, and poor Murroghoo-beg began to tremble in his skin with fear of being caught, for he knew they would tear him to pieces. But the young cats were in such a

Advertisement for Blatz Beer, featuring a bottle illustration and text: 'THAT BEER THIRST happens with the best of people. Blatz THE STAR MILWAUKEE BEER always fills the want. A few words might explain its points of excellence—a trial is sure to.' Includes address: 'WAL. BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, U.S.A. OMAHA BRANCH, 1412 DOUGLAS STREET. Telephone 1081.'

SHORT STORIES OF THE DAY

Very good," says Murroghoo-beg. "I'll do that with a heart and a half." So reddening a pointed stick in the fire Murroghoo-beg plucked the raspberries, and says to the old church, and hid him under the same planks he had been under himself. And there Murroghoo-more lay till midnight, when he hears the roolie-boolie starting, and in comes tumbling the cats. "Och, square round, square round," the young ones com-



GRIPPING HIS WAY TO THE WELL HE TOOK OFF HIS BOOTS AND FILLED ONE OF THEM WITH WATER.

menced to cry till we tell stories. "Now," says Murroghoo-more to himself, "now I'm in for it." "I'll tell no more stories," says the old granny cat, "for the last night that I told the story about the king's daughter you didn't search the house rightly, and Murroghoo-beg was lying hid under those planks in the corner, and he heard the whole rehearsal and went off and cured her—bad luck to him and her—and got double her weight in gold for it, and cured his own eyes that had been picked out by Murroghoo-more into the bargain." "Och, but," says the young cats, "we'll search better this night, and I'll warrant you'll look under the planks, and may the Lord pity Murroghoo-beg if he's eavesdropping again." So off they set at a gallop to search the house, beginning first by looking under the planks; and when they went in there, oh, that was the ruction and the uproar, and out they come, hauling Murroghoo-more with them, and when the old cats saw this they come bounding down, emitting and their eyes flashing fire, and all of them fell on him, tearing him to pieces and it was trying to see who would get most of him. So, when Murroghoo-beg went to the old church in the morning to see what had become of Murroghoo-more he got nothing but a rickie of bare bones. Murroghoo-beg buried these and went home and lived happily ever after.

FRATTLER OF THE YOUNGSTERS.

"Jimmy, you must not eat with your knife." "I have to; I'm left-handed."

"What kind of a dog is that, papa?" asked small Johnny, as he observed the big animal chasing his own tail.

"And will he go as soon as he winds himself up?" asked Johnny.

Old Gentleman (in the park)—What are you doing, my little dear?

Little Girl (with doll)—I'm giving dolly a drink.

"Giving dolly a drink, eh? But the water is running down all over her pretty dress."

"Oh, mamma!" he exclaimed, "come here, quick, here's a tail wagging without any dog."

Here is a story from the Old York (Mass.) Transcript: A little flaxen-haired girl who



ON THE MORNING OF THE NINTH DAY AFTER TAKING THE MEDICINE SHE WAS TAKEN WITH A FIT OF VOMITING AND VOMITED UP THE FULL OF A BASIN OF YOUNG SERPENTS.

is the daughter of one of the summer cottagers asked her mamma the other day if she could take her best doll to heaven with her when she died.

"No, child, of course not," replied the fond mamma.

"Then can I take my next best doll to heaven?" continued the child.

"No, they don't have any dolls in heaven," answered the child.

"Then I'll just take my old black doll, Susan, and go to hell," said the little one with a most determined air.

While the distinguished artist was showing his paintings to his guests Bob sat at his mother's elbow rather bored, but quite silent, as became a boy of 7 years, says the Youth's Companion.

THE STATE'S RECEPTION TO THE FIRST REGIMENT

At Lincoln, September 13, 14, 15. LINCOLN provides free entertainment. The railroads provide free transportation. The veterans of the G. A. R. provides free quarters on the old camp ground, and the people of Nebraska are invited to come with their enthusiasm and do the rest.

"The boys want to see the people at this reception," said one of the First Regiment. "They learned while in Luzon to appreciate Nebraska, and now they will be pleased to see that Nebraska appreciates them."

A thousand new tents will be pitched in the old State Fair Grounds. The Grand army veterans will receive the young fighters as fast as they arrive with due military honors.

The greeting between the old men and the young will be a scene which you will never forget. Be at the camp grounds Wednesday if you want to see the boys come in.

The Battle of Manila—three nights, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday. Seating capacity for 15,000. It's the greatest scenic fire display ever invented.

Grand Military Parade on Thursday. 8,000 young soldiers in line, with the old veterans as a guard of honor.

The best Concert Bands in the state will furnish music. The State National Guards encamped at same time in Lincoln park. They will be in the grand parade. It will be the greatest military demonstration ever seen in the west.

Free Railroad Rates to members of the First. Everything free to them. One cent per mile to the members of the Second and Third. Low excursion rates to the public.

grind organ in the street is playing it. I don't believe it will be a go. Did you arrange it?" queried Mr. Gilmore.

"Well, we will give it a trial, then."

"The piece was put on and the first night made a tremendous hit. Everybody was pleased with it, the humor of it being just of the sort to please the popular fancy. Mr. Bellstedt continued to play the piece for over a year, and at St. Louis for several months the selection was the most popular one of all. At the close of the long engagement there Mr. Bellstedt was deluged with hats of every variety and style. There were floral hats, silk hats, black hats, white hats, fedora hats, crush hats, old hats and new hats, and the scene after the concert was a strange one, having more the appearance of a hat show than anything else.

The other evening a young man hurriedly boarded a southbound street car from the depot. He sat down in the seat and slid over a little way. He suddenly started as though he had been hurt, and pulling up his coat tail found the lining of the garment to be all ablaze. He hastily extinguished the flames and investigated the cause. He found that he had sat on a box of safety matches in his pocket and they had become ignited. He could not explain the thing, as the matches were of the sort that it is claimed will not strike fire unless they are scratched on a rough surface on the inside. His pocket investigation revealed the fact that the young man had a box of chloride of potash tablets in his pocket which he used for his throat, he being a singer, and then the mystery was explained.

"In thirty years' experience as a business man I never short-changed a customer but once, and that happened only a few weeks ago," said a North Twenty-fourth street merchant.

"One afternoon a woman entered my store and purchased a bill of goods amounting to \$1.40 and tendered \$2 in payment. I did not have the right amount of change, but went to a neighboring store and secured it. On returning I took the \$2 and gave the woman 40 cents.

"A couple of hours later the woman sent her 13-year-old boy to the store to tell me of the mistake in her change. As soon as my attention was called to the mistake I remembered it and opened the cash drawer and got the 30 cents. Again I could not make the correct change. I asked the boy if he had any money and he handed me 50 cents. I then gave the boy 30 cents and told him that straightened the matter up.

"About an hour later the woman sent a daughter to the store with a letter that contained some pretty strong suggestions regarding my methods of doing business. I thought the letter was pretty funny, and after having a good laugh about it, I gave her the correct change and said that if she had any money. She said 'no' in a kind of scared way and began to back toward the door. I told her if any of the rest of the family had any money to send them down and I would see what I could do for them. A queer thing about the whole story is that I lost a good customer."

The band was playing a beautiful selection. The music was as soft and sweet as a summer zephyr. There was a sudden pause in the music as the bandmaster lifted his baton for a new attack, when a woman's shrill voice rang out, "I like the announcer better than any other part. I wish they would play more announcers. They are the best of all," and then the strains of the music drowned any further remarks of the woman who liked the "announcers."

"I went to the circus this week," said an Omaha man yesterday, who has grown up from boyhood in this city, "and what change there seems to be in it. I have been going to circuses in Omaha for the last twenty years and their development is certainly marvelous.

"The first circus I attended were held down on Jefferson square, which at that

time was nothing but a barren piece of ground on which the circus men set their tents and threw up one ring in which the performance took place. The farmers used to come to town and hitch their wagons on Sixteenth street all the way from Capitol avenue to Chicago street, and let them stand there while they went in to see the performance. When the Jefferson square site was deserted, the circuses moved down to Lower Farnam street and showed on a vacant plot on Ninth and Farnam, opposite the Union Pacific headquarters. I remember going to see Dan Rice's show down there, which was a pretty good circus, although he carried no menagerie and kept the free street parade down to the minimum.

"A few circuses showed on the top of the hill, in the neighborhood of Twenty-fifth and Dodge, and then they settled down for several years to the old Kountze tract, in the hollow near St. Mary's avenue. It was there that the Coups' big consolidated circus aggregation used to display itself, and Barnum and Forepaugh's and all the lesser circus lights. After the St. Mary's avenue grounds were converted into a base ball park the circuses went to the northern part of the city, sometimes going as far as Kountze place. More recently they came back nearer town and made the site of Twentieth and Paul their favorite.

"I remember about fifteen years ago the first electric arc lamp I ever saw was brought out with a circus, I think Forepaugh's, and advertised as the greatest novelty of the age. The engine and dynamo by which the electric current was generated was hauled round the streets in the parade and afterward set up outside of the tent and connected with the wires which fed three or four arc lamps on the inside. The engine kept puffing away all through the performance and sounded much like a fire engine. I notice, however, that the circuses have now all discarded the electric light, although they could have it without any such inconvenience by simply connecting with the city lighting company's wires. Just what the reason is for going back to gasoline is not apparent.

"While the three or four-ringed show is simply a multiplication of the old one-ring circus, to most people it is too much of a bewildering. When they had one or two clowns we could enjoy their antics. When the clowns come out in herds it is too much work to keep track of them. In connection with the clowns one thing that is missed is the head clown, who used to come out and stand on a barrel and sing one or two topical songs of the day, after which he would announce that this vocal gem, together with a great many others, bound in a book with his picture on the cover, would be presented to members of the audience in exchange for 10 cents.

"Another thing which was missed was the final windup of tumbling by the entire company, in which everybody ran down along an inclined platform and turned somersaults over the elephant. This was really an enjoyable feature of the show, but it seems to have been discarded for some reason or another.

"A real improvement in the circus lies in the trained animals and their acts, which are certainly marvelous. I remember when the old circuses had one trained elephant, but this last one had a whole troop divided into squads of five, and they put them through the same performance simultaneously in three different rings. The horses and the trained steele were equally fine specimens of patient animal teaching. The evolution of the circus everyone must admit has kept up with the advance of other branches of the amusement business."

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is a scientific compound having the endorsement of eminent physicians and the medical press. It "digests what you eat" and positively cures dyspepsia. M. A. Retron, Bloomington, Tenn., says it cured him of indigestion of ten years' standing.

An easily operated bicycle pump has been patented by a New Yorker, having a pair of bars pivoted at one end and provided with handles at the opposite ends, the base of the pump being attached to one bar, and the piston to the other, so that the opening and closing of the bars operate the pump.

Large advertisement for 'The First Regiment' with decorative border and text: 'The State's Reception to The First Regiment At Lincoln, September 13, 14, 15. LINCOLN provides free entertainment. The railroads provide free transportation. The veterans of the G. A. R. provides free quarters on the old camp ground, and the people of Nebraska are invited to come with their enthusiasm and do the rest.'

Advertisement for 'Books Bibles Prayer Books Office Supplies Blank Books Artistic Engraving' with text: 'We have just added to our stock a complete line of Catholic prayer books. There are numerous styles and our prices are always right. Just received, the only complete Kipling on the market; fine green cloth library binding, nicely boxed, \$15.00 net. The newest fiction can always be found on our counters.'

Advertisement for 'Megeath Stationery Co., Tel. 234. 1306 Farnam St.' with an illustration of a printing press.

Advertisement for 'A HANDSOME SUIT OF THREE ROOMS' with text: 'on the second floor looking out into the grand court of THE BEE BUILDING'.

Advertisement for 'R. C. PETERS, RENTAL AGENTS—BEE BUILDING' with text: 'Hardwood floors, walls just redecorated, electric light, steam heat, all night elevator service—You can't find a handsomer office in Omaha.'